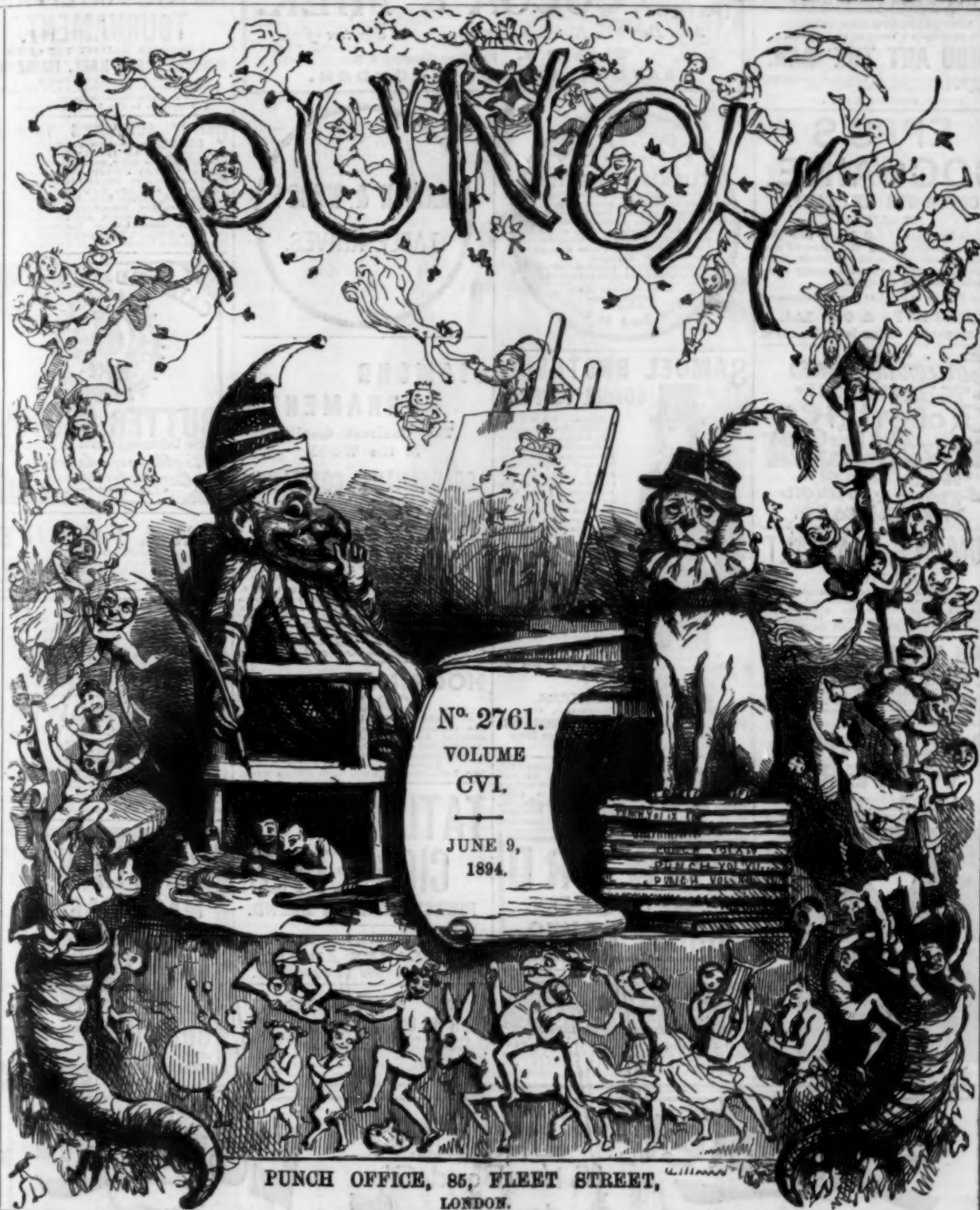


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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. V.—FROM CAPTAIN THE HON. HAROLD MAYDEW, NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, TO THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS.

MY DEAR OLD CHAP,

January 4th, 189—

I went round to your diggings to-day to have a talk with

you, and was told you had gone off to Paris two days ago. I hadn't a notion you were going. Why didn't you tell me? I should have enjoyed nothing better than to go with you. Look here, VICTOR, you've been a rattling good brother to me, and you've helped me more than once when I was in a pretty big hole, so you mustn't be surprised if I come to you in my difficulties. It's the old story. I've been a fool, a tremendous fool, and now I'm brought up against a brick wall, and don't know how to get over it. I can see you start when you read this. "Why," you'll say to yourself, "the beggar hasn't been back more than a couple of months; he's scarcely had time to turn round, and here he is singing the old song which everybody thought he had forgotten." I give you my word I'm surprised myself when I think of it. Nobody was surer than I was that that blessed song had gone out of my head, words and music, never to come back again.

Well, to make a long story short, here's what has happened. It's money, of course—you'll have gathered that—but I tell you now, so that you may not think there's anything worse; though I'm hanged if I know what is worse than a money fix. When I left England I had a vague sort of notion I had got square, settled everything and everybody, and got my new leaf staring me in the face. Of course I hadn't. One never has. There's always some sentence in the old leaves that requires your attention, and you've got to turn back and go through it all again. Anyhow, letters and bills came popping in—some of them even got as far as Kashmir, where I couldn't even use them as pipe-lights, having lost one pipe and broken the other. However, they didn't trouble me much till I got back here two months ago. Then I began to reckon them up just for the fun of the thing, and found they amounted to what's called a respectable total—£550, not a penny less. Since then I've managed to heap up another £800, racing and card-playing, complicated

with Moss ABRAHAM, that infernal soapy-voiced, oily-faced, hypocritical little Jew money-tout. I daresay you know the beast: he's always pretending to be so extraordinary generous and agreeable, such a deuce of a gay, light-hearted, reckless plunger, that, by Jingo, he actually takes you in for a bit until you're in the beggar's clutches. Then the trouble begins. He's found out that my prospects aren't quite so good as he thought them, and he's beginning to show his teeth.



Moss Abrahams.

Of course he pretends that he himself wouldn't be disagreeable for millions, but that the matter has got partly out of his hands, and that he himself is any amount hard up, and doesn't know where to turn for money. You know the kind of game these chaps play. Anyhow, I'm pretty certain the brute won't renew even if I asked him—which I shan't. My dear old VICTOR, will you help a lame dog over a stile. I know I've no right to ask you, and if you say you can't do it—why I shall know you can't, and you needn't trouble to give me any reasons. But I don't want to ask the dear old Governor again. He's ill, and, if I can possibly help it, I don't want to make him worse with my follies. You'll say I ought to have thought of all that before. Quite true, so I ought, and nobody knows that now better than I do. But I tell you, VICTOR, I'm sick and tired of this business, of all the gang of silly, rowdy fools and painted women, and Jews and racing men and would-be smart people. I don't think it's a case of when the devil was sick, &c. I do really mean to chuck the whole concern, and never pick it up again. But you know what a fellow feels like when he's got a mill-stone round his neck in the shape of accumulated debts. He plunges, and naturally enough down he goes deeper and deeper.

There you are. If you can give me a lift I'm sure you will. I'm not going to spin long sentences about gratitude; and, in fact, you know that, come what may, nothing can ever alter our friendship.

It was awfully nice, seeing so much of you at the BLAGDENS. What a nice girl that LUCY BERKELEY is—so cheery and pleasant and bright! not to speak of her pretty face, which makes you feel as if you were standing under a clear blue sky. By Jove! when you meet a girl like that, you begin to recognise what horrors some of the rest are.

I hope you'll have a good time in Paris.

Ever your affectionate brother,

HAROLD.

THE CAB STRIKE.

(By a Pedestrian.)

ACROSS the streets I walk, serene,
No need to thread my way between
Those lines of crawlers, now unseen,
There isn't one.

No Sybaritic Hansoms make
One's walk neglected—great mistake—
No growlers all one's system shake,
There isn't one.

No rushing Hansoms threaten me
With instant death, no need to be
Afraid of them, so fast and free,
There isn't one.

Hullo! A drop of rain? The sky
Is black. I shall be drenched. But why?
I'll take a Hansom home. Not I!
There isn't one.

Q. Who is likely to be less incommoded by a cab-strike than any one else? A. The angler.—Q. Because? A. Because he seldom goes out without a lot of "flies" and plenty of "bait."

COMPARATIVE.—For the Derby hope it will be an Ep-sommer day than it's been lately.

TO CHLORIS, ENRHEUMED.

AH, CHLORIS! see, the year's half-dead,
While weeping skies deplore
Those little shoes, too thin to tread
The Spring's enamelled floor.

For fell Catarrh, in Pluto's wake,
Whipp'd up his roaring steeds,
A fairer Proserpine to take
In no Sicilian meads.

The baffled tyrant, harah and chill,
Your beauty cannot mar,
That beams with a pure splendour still
Like the white morning star.

His triumph fails, while calm and clear
Your brown eyes brighter shine,
Too proud to shed the unbidden tear,
No fretful Proserpine.

A court you hold for kith and kin,
Nor lack for courtly gown,
You pretty pearl half hidden in
A nest of eider down.

Ah, may your love's bright sunshine
spread
And chill disdain depart,
Now that the cold is in your head,
That erst was in your heart!

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

II.—IN A FOUR-WHEELER.

SHAKE, shake, shake,
Oh! growler with ancient gee,
And I must, without prejudice, utter,
The thoughts that occur to me.

O well for the Hansom cabs
With their rubber smooth-going tyres!
O well for the Hansoms' springs,
And their horses are sometimes flyers!

And the stately buses roll
From the "Bank" to far Notting-hill;
But O for my liver you've shaken up,
And the consequent doctor's bill!

Growl, growl, growl,
Cabby, growl on your box full free;
But your caustic remarks on your "legal"
fare
Will not get a "rise" out of me.

MRS. R. told a friend, "I met a very high legal authority at a party—a remarkably fine man, my dear. When I asked what he was, my host told me he was a 'puny Judge!' Well, he didn't look it. Six feet if he was an inch. But perhaps he referred to his intellect."



THE BUDGET BULLET-PROOF CUIRASS.

Herr Harcourt (exhibiting his new invention). "SHOOT AWAY, GENTLEMEN! IT MAKES NO IMPRESSION ON ME."



GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

Weak-minded and Inexperienced Chapple (on Box-seat of Coach, to Coster with Donkey). "HE-HAW! HE-HAW!"
Coster (Irish). "SHURE, THIN, YE SPEAK THE LANGUAGE TO PERFECTION, SOB!"

BEFORE THE RACE AND AFTER.

(A Parliamentary Fragment for the 6th of June, 1894.)

THEY were in consultation behind the Speaker's Chair, and it was three o'clock or thereabouts. They had their hands full of papers, and anxiety was on all their brows. It was a moment of intense interest, of overwhelming doubt.



"I can quite appreciate that infected cattle imported from abroad must be most injurious to the agricultural interest at home," said one of the Ministers; "but what has that to do with the chances of *Bullington* beyond that the first syllable of the name is distinctly suggestive of success."

"I do not believe in omens nor yet in coincidences," returned he who was responsible for the country's revenue; "but the fact that when Mr. LOWE was Chancellor of the Exchequer his financial arrangements were jeopardised by a strike of match girls, inclines me to believe that those who supported *Matchbox* in spite of all appearances did not act entirely unreasonably. That is my contention, and I have given the matter even more thought than I have disposed upon the Death Duties."

"The cavalry manoeuvres this year, as I have already said, will be most interesting," put in a Minister of military appearance; "and as my department naturally deals with all matters equestrian, I cannot blame myself for having accorded to the claims of *Gallopings* *Dick* adequate attention."

"I fancy it will not be contested that since I have influenced the Irish Government from the lodge of the Chief Secretary," observed another; "that the Emerald Isle has had her fair share from the horn of plenty. So, without being superstitious, I can find apologies for the deep interest I took in *Hornbeam* at one period of its career."

The hands of the clocks slowly moved, at length a special messenger rushed up to them. "Who's won?" they cried with one voice. The messenger gave the required information. Then there was a sigh of relief, and the Ministers returned to business with emotions of a varied character.

TO MELENDIA.

(A Regretful Reproach.)

A PRETTY dance was what I went to see;
 'Twas in the mirthful capital of France,
 And 'twas yourself who danced so charmingly
 A pretty dance.

You took me blindly captive with your glance,
 I was your slave, who'd boasted he was free,
 Delighted when I made the least advance
 In your sweet favours. How comes it to be
 Your smiles have now made way for looks askance?
 Oh, tell me this—were you just leading me
 A pretty dance?

SOMETHING IN NAMES.—In conjunction with another defendant, one FRED STANTON, a Miss VERA HOPE, was charged at Bow Street, on remand, with obtaining money by falsely pretending to provide young women with theatrical engagements. Both "VERA" and "HOPE" are attractive names. "VERA" suggests "Veracity," and, without "Hope," how impossible would be everything in life! But, in this instance, "Hope" seems to have "told a flattering tale," and thereby bade farewell to joy!

MRS. R. thinks the tight Baring reins to be seen in London on the poor carriage-horses are most cruel. She does not know who Mr. BARING was, but he might easily have found a better employment for his time than inventing such senseless things, and giving his name to them. Mrs. R. says she often longs to write anomalous letters of protest to some of the people whose beautiful horses are so tightly gagged.

NEW BOOKS.—*A Grey Romance*, by Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, to be followed shortly by *A Blue Funk* and *A Brown Study*.

HARD CASE.—Entry in *Eminently Steady Person's Diary*:—"I shouldn't go to the Derby if I weren't driven to it." [And so he was, on a coach.]

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.

If "the serious inconvenience" caused by closing the park thoroughfares to all vehicles but private carriages is, as the *Daily News* has informed us, now occupying the attention of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, could not this eminently practical official just carry the matter a trifle further and give even more deliberate



Mr. Punch remonstrates and suggests.

consideration (only not too "deliberate,"—say a week, and then let him act in accordance with Mr. Punch's wishes) to the rides and drives which ought to be made, for the benefit of equestrians and vehicularians, across Kensington Gardens, from south to north, i.e., from South Kensington to Bayswater. Rotten Row should be extended on the southern side of the Serpentine in a nor'-westerly direction, so that the jolly young Bayswatermen on their gallant hacks might have the advantage of a short cut into Rotten Row, under the shade of some of the finest old spreading trees that London can produce, and that Paris, with all its lovely Bois and its beautiful pale greeneries, cannot equal. These great improvements, as has been over and over again pointed out to "the authorities," could be effected without any danger to nursemaids and their charges, and without any sort of deprivation to the lounging or hurrying pedestrian. No! the parks can be opened to a motly, noisy, rampaging crowd, with carts and platforms that damage the grass and its own cause at the same time, but not an effort is made on behalf of the convenience, enjoyment, and healthful recreation of law-abiding citizens with a seat in the saddle, and, perhaps, in the House, who are loyal to QUEEN and country, who love their London, and who wish, by gentle equestrian exercise, to support, to the greatest possible advantage, their own British Constitution. Let us begin with such improvements as these in Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, and then it will be time to consider what can be done in the same direction with the other Un-open Spaces.

AFTER GOLDSMITH.

When lovely woman tries to volley,
But finds that men refuse to play,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What game can take her grief away?

The means her spirits to recover,
To still the jeers of those that scoff,
To fascinate the tardy lover,
And gain his favour is—to Golf.

Mrs. R. says she tasted an excellent soup lately, made with the young vegetables of the season; she fancies the name of it was "Hop-Scotch." At the same dinner there were some green grapes with a delicious perfume, called "Muskrat," she believes.

"PLACE AUX DAMES."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Friday, the 1st of June, there was a dinner at which only literary ladies were allowed to be present. As every one was bound over to secrecy, of course I cannot divulge the topics of conversation that were discussed during the course of the evening. Those of your sex who have been privileged, on account of their extreme youth, or for other merits, to "join the ladies" at times when "the gentlemen have been 'en' over their wine," may possibly be in a position to judge of the intense interest of the woman's talk on the occasion to which I am referring. It may be that the bills of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker came under review. It is not impossible that the merits of this person's gowns and that person's *toupées* found advocates both for the defence and the prosecution. It is not incredible that children's ailments were considered, and the difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory servant faced and mastered. Of course I cannot say whether cigarettes were admitted, nor can I tell you whether ginger beer was more popular than soda water, or champagne was preferred to lemonade. All these details must be reserved until the time arrives when one of the fair diners decides to publish her reminiscences. And this is not very likely to come off just at present, as everyone knows that the autobiographer commences his account of his career by giving the date of his birth, a proceeding that would certainly, and very properly, be unpopular amongst ladies. However, if I must not tell you anything about the matters upon which I have touched, or rather to which I have referred, I can make at least one admission, and, when I make it, I think I shall be supported by the vast majority of those who were present on Friday last. The Literary Ladies' Dinner of the 1st of June only needed one feature to be absolutely perfect—the presence of gentlemen.

Yours cordially,
A DAUGHTER OF EVE WHO REMEMBERS ADAM.



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Pat ("the morning after," reading *Prescription*). "'DISSOLVE WAN OF THE POWDERS IN HALF A TUMBLER OF WATER, AN' TH' OTHER POWDER IN ANOTHER HALF TUMBLER OF WATER. MIX, AN' DRINK WHOLE EFFERVESHIN.' WHAT 'LL OI DO! WHOEY THE DIV'L DIDN'T HE SAY WHICH OI WAS TO MIX FURST!"



THE BATTLE OF ISLINGTON.

Confused Impression on our Artist's brain of the Military Tournament, Agricultural Hall.

SHALL WOMEN WHEEL?

SIR.—Cycling is the sport for ladies! Take my own case. I was fading away, and could eat nothing. Five specialists had given me up. I bought a cycle as a last resource. In less than a fortnight I could eat four underdone chump chops for breakfast! In a month I could floor a coal-heaver. I now weigh sixteen stone, and have had to have a specially strong machine made for me. Formerly I was a martyr to rheumatism. I've conquered rheumatism by pneumatics. Ta, ta! Off for a spin.

A SPINSTER.

SIR.—The other day I mastered my natural shyness enough to mount a "bike" (that's what my brothers call it). My trial trip was horribly eventful! I ran over a small boy near Richmond. I fancy he was badly hurt, but I do so hate a row that I didn't stop to find out. Then, in going down a steep hill the brake (or is it break?) wouldn't act, and I ran into a policeman at the bottom, and upset him. It upset me, too, very much, because he took my name and address, and is going to summon me for "furious riding"! And I am afraid to go at six miles an hour! No, cycles are not the machines for

NO ROADSTER.



THE WORD IN SEASON?

Countryman. "BE OI ROIGHT FOR EPSOM, MAISTER!"
Minister Stiggins (who never misses his opportunity). "EPSOM! YOUNG MAN! YOUNG MAN! KNOW YE NOT THAT YOU ARE ON THE WAY TO TOPHET!"
Countryman. "AH! DENEGD IF OI DIDN'T THINK OI'D TOOK A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE!"

SIR.—Cycling is delicious—but what do the doctors mean by calling it hard exercise? I always ride on a tandem with dear FRED, and it is just like being in an arm-chair, and I often take out a novel and read it. I don't work the pedals much, except now and then, when going down hill, as I think the action rather unlady-like. FRED, however, works all the time. He says he thinks he will get me a tricycle all to myself some day, as I should enjoy it more. It certainly is annoying to hear the way he pants on the tandem; but then men are so inconsiderate. Even a mere twenty-mile ride with me seems to tire him dreadfully, which just shows what lazy, self-indulgent lives men must lead! I'm going to make FRED take me from Land's End to John o' Groat's in our summer holidays. He'll have to break the record, or something.

Yours,

FEMALE FLYER.

"AUTHOR'S GRIEVANCES."

For an eminent writer to receive gratis from a distinguished publishing firm a copy of their popular magazine, specially labelled "Complimentary," and, on opening it, to find a severe criticism on his most recent work.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

"HA, HA! HE, HE! YOU DID MAKE AN ASS OF YOURSELF! I HEARD MISS BROWN ASK YOU WHETHER YOU LIKED BOTTICELLI!"
 "WELL, WHERE'S THE FUN? I SAID I PREFERRED CHIANTI!"
 "HA, HA! THAT'S JUST THE JOKE! BOTTICELLI ISN'T A WINE, YOU JUGGINS! BOTTICELLI'S A CHEESE!"

THE CONSISTENT CYNIC'S VADE MECUM.

(Specially prepared for the Derby Day.)

Question. What is your opinion of the Derby?

Answer. That it is an intensely over-rated race; immeasurably inferior to many others with but a tithe of its popularity.

Q. What do you think of people who take the trouble to see it decided at Epsom?

A. That they must be suffering from temporary insanity.

Q. But is it not pleasant to go down to the races by road?

A. Unquestionably no. If it rains the discomfort is sufficiently marked, and if it is fine the dust is insupportable. Besides, the humours of the streets have departed. The drive down is as cheerless as a journey to a suburban cemetery.

Q. Then you prefer travelling on the railway?

A. On the contrary; on account of the immense crowds, who fight for admission at the doors of the carriages, I can scarcely imagine a less agreeable route.

Q. But you cannot go by water, and if you charter a balloon it runs into money—am I not correct in the assumption?

A. Yes; and therefore I shrink from visiting Epsom when the road is dismal, the trains are inconvenient, the river is impossible, and the atmosphere is (after taking everything into consideration) impracticable.

Q. And what do you think of "a Derby snack"?

A. Merely a premium upon indigestion.

Q. And are you opposed to the consumption of "a Derby luncheon"?

A. On behalf of the non-medical public "Yes"; on behalf of the doctors I can imagine nothing more beneficial to the financial side of their profession.

Q. But surely you see no harm in the club sweep?

A. On the contrary, it is a snare to the thoughtless, a lure to the extravagant, and a disappointment to almost everyone.

Q. But if in the drawing you find yourself in the possession of the first favourite, would not such an occurrence cause a modification in your opinions?

A. No; because principles are not affected by events; and it might happen too that the favourite might be scratched at the last moment.

Q. Then, if you were an employer, you would give no holiday to your subordinates on the Derby Day?

A. Certainly not. On the contrary, I would take care that even customary leave should, on that particular occasion, be abolished.

Q. And you approve of the House of Commons meeting on the 6th of June, Derby Day or no?

A. Most assuredly; and it seems to me an absolute scandal that the House of Lords does not follow the example set in another and a better place.

Q. And it is your deliberate opinion—

A. I beg pardon, but I have no more time to answer questions.

Q. Why not?

A. Because, in company with a numerous party of fellow-travellers, I have to catch a train to Epsom.

FROM OUR LITTEY BASKET.—The *Athenaeum* says that Messrs. OSGOOD & Co. are going to re-issue Mr. HARDY's novels. We believe the idea is to bring them out, so many at a time, every Christmas, under the title of "The Hardy Annals." *The Gardeners' Chronicle* ought to have had the monopoly of these.

THE AGE OF COCKSURENESS.

(After Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom.")

[Dr. JESSOFF says, "I never knew a man of fifty years who was ever argued into anything."] Ho, modern page, with a wish to win

To novel notions the public ear,
 You move the young with your decadent din;
 This is the way all boys begin—
 Wait till you come to Fifty Year.

Curly locks cover changeable brains,
 New-fangled notions they court and cheer;
 Impressionist pictures and symbolist strains,
 Novels that sniff of the shambles and drains,—
 Wait till you come to Fifty Year.

Fifty times over let Fools' Day pass,
 Jubilee season the brain doth clear—
 Then you know that a boy is an ass,
 You will not change creed, party, or glass,
 Once you have come to Fifty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
 Cocksure codgers whose beards grow grey,
 Is there an argument, false or fair,
 Will make you budge by the breadth of a hair
 From the good old faith, and the dear old way?

The readiest lips that ever have glosed,
 The keenest logic that ever hath shone,
 May argue and reason, but you'll have closed
 Incredulous ears, and nodded, and dozed,
 Ere their polemic is finished and done.

The Age is crowded with theories queer,
 How I'd have welcomed them thirty years
 syne!
 They argue and worry; but I sit here,
 Quiet and cocksure at Fifty Year,
 Cooking a snook at their callow shine!



IN THE PADDOCK.

MR. P. "TAKING A LITTLE HOLIDAY, MY LORD?"

LORD R-S-B-RY. "HOLIDAY! I'M DOWN HERE HARD AT WORK FOR THE GOOD OF THE 'PARTY'!
HOPE HARCOURT'S ATTENDING TO BUSINESS AT WESTMINSTER!!"



THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday and Friday.—Two single nights rolled into one very fat Knight—*Falstaff*. *Falstaff*, personally, is sufficient to fill several stalls, yet this present deponent, having seen *Falstaff's* not a few, is unable to call to mind any one of them, save MARK LEMON, who did not look just exactly what he was, a stuffed figure. The stage *Falstaff's* portliness is always unreal, his swagger is conventional, his voice is forced: neither singer, nor actor, can ever be SHAKESPEARE'S *Sir John Falstaff*; and though Signor VERDI may stuff him with notes, yet the fact remains that *Falstaff* is a very heavy person, and that the best scenes in VERDI'S Opera are just those in which either the Fat Knight doesn't appear at all, or is only of about the same use as is a football in a scrimmage, and is being hustled about here, shoved away there, and finally jammed into the notable buck-basket, to disappear over the balcony and fall splash into the river below. As said game of football cannot get along without the object of the kicks, so 'tis with the dramatic portion of the Opera of *Falstaff*, for its principal character is to the other dramatic *personæ* what the football is to the players. Much of the music is delightful, but

of SHAKESPEARE'S creation. Why should this Op-erratic *Falstaff* "give" at the knees, and shuffle in his walk?

Sir DEURIOPLANUS has done everything for the Opera, and the last scene is most effective. By the way, as the masquerade in the Forest was got up at a few hours' notice by *Mistresses Ford, Page* and *Quickly*, what a very extensive circle of female acquaintances they must have had in the town and immediate neighbourhood of Windsor to enable them to assemble so large a party at such very short notice! And how fortunate that all these ladies, presumably merry wives, merry cousins, merry nieces, merry sisters, and merry aunts, belonging to highly respectable burghers' families in and about Windsor, happened, not only to be all disengaged, but also to possess, ready for use, *these very fairy dresses*, without which the whole idea might have resulted in a sad *fiasco* for the Merry Wives. If ENRY HAUTHOR Jones hadn't thought of it first, SHAKSPEARE might have called his play *The Masqueraders*.

Thursday.—Madame ADINI made her first appearance here as *Valentine*, not *Marguerite's* brother, but the heroine of the *Huguenots*. Much applauded. Her duet with *Marcel* acclaimed enthusiastically. JUPITER PLANCON (uncommonly like Plain-song in



"REVERENZA!"

rarely catching; not from beginning to end is there a phrase in it so immediately taking as is that well-known one in the overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. There is a taking Nonette in the first Act; but, to sum up, the Second Scenes of both Acts take first places, and the Opera is more a success for the orchestra than for the singers as either vocalists or actors. Occasionally it occurred to me what either of our two humorous composers, ye old SULLIVAN or SOLOMON, might have done with this subject. SULLIVAN-cum-SOLOMON would have made a magnificent work of it. The orchestration is full of VERDI's fun, and this brought to my mind the work of both our English composers. Signora GIULIA RAVOGLI, as *Dame Quickly*, with little to do or to sing, makes so much of it, that when she is on the stage, the time passes Quickly, and the Opera "goes." The eccentric characters, *Dr. Caius*, *Bardolph*, *Pistol*, well played and sung by Messrs. ARMANDI, PELAGALLI-ROSETTI, and ARIMONDI, are capitally made up. Signor PESSINA makes quite an Italian *Falstaff*, with such airs,—more or less taking,—graces and pantomime action as are not associated with the English idiom.

English), as *Marcel*, excellent and not to be bettered. Mlle. SIMONNET also first-rate in the part of *Marguerite*, not of *Faust* but of France, *La Reine Marguerite*, who appears like a brilliant musical firework in the second Act, and then goes out with a bang and is heard no more. But for the time she is Queen of song. Altogether a fine performance of the *Huguenots*, difficult to beat.

Saturday.—Grand night. House choke full, in spite of continued cab strike. "Royalties," amounting to a considerable sum, thoroughly appreciating Madame MELBA making her first appearance this season as a French-speaking *Marguerite* to Signor DU LUCIA's Italian *Faust*. Her jewel song a gem, but not a brilliant. When ended, floral compliments handed in. JUPITER PLANÇON admirable as *Mephistopheles*, sometimes doing it in Italian, sometimes in French, suiting his conversation to his company. Signor ANCONA doing well and dying nobly as *Valentine*. Walpurgis-night act introduced; ballet music beautiful, and PALLADINO playful. BEVIGNANT beaming in orchestra, DRUMOLIANS delighted, Everybody enthusiastic!

THE BRAZEN MEAN.

[“Mediocrity has multiplied of late like carrion-flies.”—“Ouida” in the “Pall Mall Magazine” for June.]

WHAT can we do? Since a novelist teaches us

That mediocrity's simply a crime,
How can we pass, as she warmly beseeches us,
From the ridiculous to the sublime?

If she will but condescend of her charity
Hints on the way it is managed to give,
Then will we all, with the utmost hilarity,
Live as her heroes and heroines live.

Then shall we lounge in luxurious leisure in
Rooms that are rich in each costly device,
Then shall enjoy an unlimited pleasure in
Smoking Havannahs of fabulous price.

If we play cricket, with marvellous steadiness
Centuries we shall compile as we please,
LASKER at chess we shall conquer with
readiness,
Pulverise ROBERTS at billiards with ease.

While if we take to poetic activity,
Critics will reckon our cantos divine,
Or if we feel an artistic proclivity,
All of our pictures will be on the line.

Yes, could we reach to the proud elevation of
One of her heroes, there would not arise
Need for such lengthy and fierce castigation of
Base "Mediocrity's carrion-flies."

Cease, we beseech you, great censor, to jump
any

More on a failing we're eager to shun,
Fain would we imitate STRATHMORE and com-
pany
In their perfection—but how is it done?

AN "OPENING" FOR LORD ROSEBERRY.—
"Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen."

**PREHISTORIC PEEPS.**

EVEN THE "DERBY" HAD ITS PRIMEVAL COUNTERPART.

ROBERT AT RICHMOND.

I MANAGED somehow to get a trip up to Richmond last week, and if it hadn't bin for the heavy rain and the bitter cold wind as we had for a good part of the time, we should all have enjoyed it thorowly, masters as well as waiters.

The principle thing as we went for to see was what I should call a regular staggerer! Everybody as knows Richmond knows as well as I do that the one great nuisance of that truly rural place is the quantity of mud at low water, that is to say, when the tide has nearly all run away, and so sum wonderful clever feller has set to work for a year or so, and has achshally made a new Bridge, and a new Lock, and some new Slooses, I think they calls 'em, by which means all the Lassies of Richmond Hill, and all the jolly fellers as is allers a swearing as "they'd crowns resign to call 'em mine," is able at any time of the tide to find about six foot of water in any part of the river up there in which to row about!

The Sherriff gave a werry good dinner to his gasts at the cillibrated "Stars and Garters," and I seed some of the Copperation swells at it, and they seemed to enjoy themselves much as usual, and sum on 'em achshally gave me the same friendly nod of reckognission as usual, which



TOUCHING THE ANARCHISTS.

Cook. "LOR, MISS MARY! I WONDER THEY DON'T TREAT THEM WRETCHES LIKE THEY DO IN FRANCE, AND HAVE THEM GALANTINED!"

is allers welcome. I thinks from what I heard from sum of the natives, as how as there is sum amount of gelyosy at Q on account of their mud being allowed to remain as before, without not no slooses for to regeriate it, so I dare say as they will be trying their hands at a similer job next year, and then we may all have to go down to Q insted of up to Richmond, and I shant object for one.

As I was a coming out of Gildall the other day I was receeved with such a hawful noise as I ardlly ever heard there, and on asking the lordly Beedal what it ment, he told me as how as the workmen was a making preperations for the Kristeen Young Mens Asosheation, about a thowsend of who was a going for to come there nex week to be receeved by the LORD MARE to supper et setterer! I wunders myself how his Lordship is able to distingwish them from other Young Men, unless it's by their remarkable fine happy-tites.

ROBERT.

LABOUR LOST.—In the latest number of *The Century Illustrated*, there is a short poem, entitled "Visible Sound." Surely it didn't require a poem to illustrate this idea when it can be seen any day at a fish-monger's. If "Visible Sound" isn't "Cod's Sound," we should like to know what is?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 28.—Did everything to-night except get on with Budget Bill, which was pre-ordained business of sitting. First, there was a private Bill, which, in accordance with quaint procedure of House, rides roughshod over everything. When Japanese student of Parliamentary practice recently visited Westminster, he was much struck with this evidence of Western civilisation.

"You have," he said to Mr. MILMAN, who, he believes, wrote *The History of Greek Christianity* and *The Annals of St. Paul's*, "constant difficulty about important measures. Ministers have to apologise all round because they can't make way for particular Bills, however far-reaching may be their national or imperial interests. It's all for lack of time. A public Bill can come on only in certain order, and in particular circumstances. But if there arrives what you call a private Bill, to put up a parish pump, or divert a village sewer, it must needs be dealt with on any day the promoters fix, and takes precedence over everything, even your Budget Bill, or your several Disestablishment Bills. I like to talk of this freely to you, for it must be my only word on subject. If when I go back I were to report existence of such state of things in what you call the Mother of Parliaments, my narrative would be punctuated by fall of my head, struck off by a two-sworded man, and that would be what you call 'a full stop.'"

Budget Bill not reached till House been in session nearly five hours. Sat till half-past twelve, but did nothing. Only gleam of light

on doleful proceedings shed by HOME SECRETARY'S admission that time at hand when tyranny of the bicycle-bounder shall be curbed. New terror been added to London streets in shape of fiend gliding along on infernal-machine with india-rubber tires, turning round corners at speed of ten miles an hour, and vanishing out of sight when he has knocked some one down. Hope that amid his family cares ASQUITH won't forget this.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—SETON-KARR never so much surprised in his life. Some people have prepared scheme for carrying, not coals but, water to Newcastle. Seems in drought of last year, population of this thriving town threatened with water famine. For weeks had nothing to drink but champagne, chablis, and stout. Plenty of water in the River Rede. Proposed to take it. All very well, only scheme will interfere with convenience of the salmon, who riot in the Rede. SETON-KARR, late of the Northern Circuit, is trustee of one of the riparian owners. Petitioned against Bill when before Lords. Opposition unavailing. Much expected from Lords, but proved, as riparian owner bitterly said, "a broken Rede."

Now SETON-KARR, producing brief, addresses Commons at stupendous length, hoping to induce them to save the salmon. Budget Bill waiting; important Amendment and Division pending; but SETON-KARR, like the River Rede, flows on.

He chatters over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
He bubbles into eddying bays,
And babbles on the pebbles.

TIM HEALY made first attempt to dam him. Suddenly dropped rock in level flow of his argument in form of objection that, being pecuniarily interested in question, he was not



MARKING TIME.

Sir William. "Doesn't look well on the face of it; but we mustn't quite show all our hand yet!"

competent to advocate the cause in House of Commons. SETON-KARR, just about to land a fresh salmon in the way of concluding argument, sat down amazed at TIM's temerity. SPEAKER never taken aback, even by TIM HEALY, drew nice distinction. In circumstances, SETON-KARR was, he said, quite in order in pleading cause of his clients; but if Motion pressed to Division, he would not be able to vote.

Stream flowed on again; at last ran dry; whereupon *Rusticus Expectans* appeared in person of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who forthwith belaboured the astonished fisherman with vigour that took away what was left of his breath. When recovered, he proposed to expend it in further speech. Called to order; Question put from Chair; SPEAKER declared Amendment negatived; SETON-KARR wildly clamoured for Division; Members near tried to stop him.

"I think the Ayes have it," said SPEAKER for third time, fixing the hapless fisherman with glittering eye. SETON-KARR feebly flapped his arms as a salmon landed on the bank of the rustling Rede shakes its fins in final protest against the whole proceeding. But no sound issued from his parched lips, and Newcastle will have its water supply.

Dull hours of debate in Committee on Budget varied by bright flash cast over some by PRINCE ARTHUR. Been absent during dinner-time, shut up in privacy of room. Comforted by a cursory chop, sustained by a flagon of the bubbling Salutaris, surrounded by musty treatises on Probate Duty, the Law of Succession, the range of Mortmain, the young but austere statesman passed a solitary hour. Came into House whilst COURTNEY was speaking; followed him with genial compliment upon exceptional power of his speech. The incentive of being at loggerheads with the party he formerly acted with usually sustained him. Now, enjoying the luxury of being at loggerheads with both parties, he surpassed himself. So did PRINCE ARTHUR, his brilliant speech, just crossing the limits of half an hour, infusing life into the saddening scene, causing the dead bones of the Budget debate to rattle into hilarious life. If preparation severe, the result more than repaid the stern self-sacrifice.

Business done.—Not much. Some hours in Committee on Budget.

Thursday.—To say that butter wouldn't melt in mouth of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD when, just now, he rose to move Resolution appropriating remaining time of Session for public business, would be quite inadequate representation of fact. Remark, moreover, irrelevant. Why should butter melt in any man's mouth, or why should it forbear? Apart from that not delectable illustration, there was dangerous benignity in SQUIRE's mood as he stood at the table. He had no complaint to make of the past, nor imputation to cast upon anyone's probable conduct in the future. Some people might be disposed to say hard things about a blameless Opposition. Not he. All he wanted was possession of the fragments of time hitherto left at disposition of private Members.

So apprehensive was the SQUIRE of importing any trace of truculence into his manner, that he dropped his voice to whisper that barely reached across the table. Members behind, more especially those below the Gangway, could not hear. Angry shouts of "Speak up!" ruffled the quiet scene. The SQUIRE's face, as he turned to face this tumult, was a study of meekness that might be done justice to only by an artist in stained glass, whose masterpiece is set in quiet nook of country church. For his part the SQUIRE could not understand any mood less placid than that of a lily-strewn pond, nor any impulse to raise the voice above that attuned to benediction.

"That's all very well," said Baron FERDY. "A voice soft and low is a beautiful thing in woman. In Leader of House of Commons it's a little embarrassing, especially for a modest man like me, who



NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

(A Suggestion in view of another Cab Strike.)

instinctively takes his place on a back bench. Half the time when the SQUIRE is speaking at the table we in this part of House catch a word only here and there, and we can't afford to lose a syllable of his uttered speech."

A good deal in this. Since Session opened SQUIRE, as he describes himself, standing between rival friends and united foes, overwhelmed by the kindness of one and devoured by the other, has fallen into the habit of pitching his voice in a key that does not carry it further than across the table, leaving other parts of House distraught.

That however by the way. To-night the SQUIRE disarmed Opposition at the outset. Whole thing managed so well that debate closed before dinner, and the SQUIRE got all he asked.

Business done.—Remaining period of Session appropriated for public business.

Friday.—"Don't hear much now of ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight)" said WILFRID LAWSON, looking across at Front Opposition Bench. "But it's always a comfort to me to find him sitting there with arms folded, legs crossed, and on his face a look of grave suspicion of the Government."

"Why does he always sit with his legs crossed?" asked the Member for SARK, ever eager for information.

"'Tis a knightly attitude," said Sir WILFRID. "You'll see it on the tombs in ancient churches. It shows that he's

either been to the Crusades, or is going."

"I hope he hasn't been," said the Member for SARK, with a far-away look in his eyes.

Business done.—Assault on Matabele settlement repulsed by 218 votes against 52.

TO ANY BOY-POET OF THE DECADENCE.

(Showing curious reversal of epigram—"La nature l'a fait sanglier; la civilisation l'a réduit à l'état de cochon.")

BUT my good little man, you have made a mistake
If you really are pleased to suppose
That the Thames is alight with the lyrics you make;
We could all do the same if we chose.

FROM SOLOMON down, we may read, as we run,
Of the ways of a man and a maid;
There is nothing that's new to us under the sun,
And certainly not in the shade.

The erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud
Are as vulgar as coin of the mint;
And you merely distinguish yourself from the crowd
By the fact that you put 'em in print.

You're a 'prentice, my boy, in the primitive stage,
And you itch, like a boy, to confess:
When you know a bit more of the arts of the age
You will probably talk a bit less.

For your dull little vices we don't care a fig,
It is *this* that we deeply deplore;
You were cast for a common or usual pig,
But you play the invincible bore.

QUERY.—Is every Knight of the Bath bound to provide his own soap? Likewise towels?

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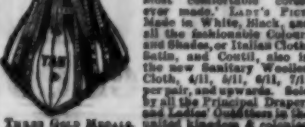
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The Rev. J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER, 25, Park Road East, Wickenhead, writes:—"I have great pleasure in complying with your request, and in putting in writing what I have already said by word of mouth. I was much inconvenienced by a very irritating species of Eczema. Several remedies that I have tried failed to give me more than a very temporary relief. I finally tried Homoccea, with happiest results. The relief was almost instantaneous, and, what is more to the point, the soothing effect remained, and a complete cure resulted.—Yours truly, 'J. WILLIAMS BUTCHER.'"

Homoccea sold by most Chemists at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d. per box, or sent free by post in 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. P.O. preferred from the Homoccea Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Wickenhead. (Keeper, Chemist, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C., sells it.)



PEARS' SOAP makes the hands white and fair, the complexion bright and clear, and the skin soft and smooth as velvet.

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